## Miss Strong.

Miss Pamelia Strong had reached the mature age of eighteen and never yet experienced the delightful sensation of loving and being beloved. True, she had from time to time ever since she had emerged from pinafores fancied herself in love, but now she was convinced that she had felt only a sentiment, not a passion, and so sighing and hoping for the epoch to arrive when her eyes should be opened she dragged away her melancholy existence.

Her vulgar, low bred brothers and sisters voted her a nuisance, and were never weary with tying her long flaxen curls into knots and using her choicest sonnets to the moon for lamplighters. There is no getting over the fact that Pamelia was an ill used individual, and undoubtedly her unappreciating relatives richly deserved the pillony for their disgraceful, unsympathizing treatment of her gushing affections.

Pamelia-or Millie, as she insisted on calling herself-was a tall, slender young lady, with a naturally pale complexion, which was made still more chalky by the immense quantities of slate pencils and sour vinegar she consumed, under the impression that color in a lady's face was indicative of a gross organization. Milly had a holy horror of health, and would sooner have resigned her fair, scranny neck to the guillotine that have gained a single pound of flesh.

Her hair was a very pallid shade of flaxen, and by night it was screwed up into the hardest of curl papers, while by day it floated free over her shoulders in "natural" ringlets. Her nose was a long, subdued aquilinecertain indication of genius; her eyes faintly shaded from white to blue; her mouth small and sensitsve, and her hands and feet tiny as those of a fairy. Millie was inordinately vain of her feet, and for that reason she discarded flowing robes, and wore her white dresses two inches shorter than the fashion.

If Millie had been endowed with an ordinary degree of sense, she would doubtless have found no difficulty in meeting the destiny of which she was continually pondering; but, as it was, the expected individual held herself aloof, and seemed determined that the interesting Millie should drop into an untimely grave through his coldness and neglect.

Millie was, as might be expected, a poetess, and unless a person was blessed with unusually strong nerves, it would have given him the nightmare for weeks to have read a dozen pages of her effusions.

Once in her life she had been taken to a concert by a young gentleman rejoicing in the name of Willie Stiggins, and afterward the said Willie had run away from his pa and ma and embarked on board a whaling vessel. The vessel had been lost with all on board-so said the newspapers; and this circumstance was a windfall to the sentimental Millie. As soon as she heard of Willie's death, she felt that her heart was buried in his ocean grade, and accordingly turned out "In Memoriam" poems by the ream.

But alas for romance! Two years after those touching poems, "To Willie Lying 'Neath the Far Pacific," and "My Lost One in the Sea," had been published in the Greenville Enlightener, the drowned Willie Stiggins turned up in the senior member of the firm of Stiggins, Jenks & Co., whale oil dealers, Long wharf, Bos-

Millie might have saved her tears and her stationery, as Mr. Stiggins had in his possession a black eyed little wife and two black eyed twin children, and was blissfully oblivious of the fact that a die away young lady with flaxen curls was pining and mourning over his presumed burial in the "deep, dark sea."

From her favorite novels and poetry Millie had imbibed an intense admiration for the country, and at length her entreaties to be allowed a summer among its rural shades induced her parents to send her to Bearville for a few months. Mrs. Clash, an old friend of Mrs. Strong's, a nice, matter of fact old lady, residing on a small farm in the outskirts of the village, consented to receive her, and early in June our heroine found herself established in Mrs. Clash's pleasant spare

Millie was charmed with her situation. She should be sure to meet her fate before she left Bearville. This was just the spot for poets and ar- Millie's brain. tists to congregate, and all the long summer days, dressed in white, with clover blossoms in-her hair and a volume of Byron in her hand, she wandered up and down the carrot bed, dignified by the name of garden, and

waited for the long expected. Good Mrs Clash was a little uneasy at her strange conduct. She was pretty well convinced that her board- in the water, which was extremely er was slightly demented and took | cold and liberally thickened with the precaution to fasten her bedroom door every night lest the "uncanny" young lady should murder her in her water she had one of the best posisleep.

One fine day fortune began to smile on our sentimental friend. She was out in the fields back of the village, lungs, expecting to see Mr. Freder-

her long curls became entangled and she found it impossible to get clear. Just as she was about to burst into tears-her usual refuge in time of trial-a handsome young man in a blue frock came whistling along and gallantly proceeded to releas; her from her unpleasant predicament.

She was faint with happiness, for in the dark, handsome face of the unknown she had recognized the twin of her soul! Her fate was decided. At last she was in love!

Before she could collect her scattered faculties sufficiently to inquire his name or give him thanks for his timely assistance, he had passed whistling away and was lost to her view.

Starting up she flew for the house, where with breathless eagerness she burst into the room where Mrs. Clash was darning stockings, frightening the old lady nearly out of her wits.

"Oh, Mrs. Clash!" cried she, "for the love of heaven teil me who wears a blue frock!"

"A blue frock! Good gracious! is the gal crazy?"

"Who wears a blue frock and whistles 'Dixie' divinely?"

"Why let me see-there's old Eph Bunker and Enoch Place and old Mr. Stubbs and"-"Forbear?" exclaimed Millie, with

a tragic wave of the hand; "he could be none of these. He is one of nature's noblemen-the pole of my existence!" And Millie walked to a window and gazed out as if she would pierce the secrets of futurity.

"What pole was you a-looking at?" inquired Mrs. Clash. "There's the hoppole out there; looks pretty don't

"Oh, heaven, what shocking vulgarity!" cried Millie, wringing her hands with the anguish of being so dreadfuliy misunderstood.

"There, dear," said Mrs. Clash soothingly, now well satisfied that her guest was beside herself, "don't feel bad about it. Tell aunty what she was looking for, there's a dear?" "For my Destiny!" exclaimed Mil-

lie tragically. "Hain't this it, dear?" asked Mrs. Clash, picking up a blue glass smell-

ing bottle from the table. Millie dashed it angrily to the floor. "Woman," she cried, "tell me who is the divine young man in a blue

"I don't know, dear," said Mrs. Clash kindly. "You hain't well, I guess; you'd better go to bed; sleep will settle your head;" and she forced Millie off to her chamber, promising to see about the young man with the blue frock and the divine whistle right away.

With this assurance Millie was content to go to sleep, but Mrs. Clash's inquiries did not amount to much, for the next morning she knew no more about Millie's destiny than she did the preceding night. And Millie resolved to take the matter into her own hands. Accordingly after breakfast, she made a most bewitching toilet and sallied forth toward the village, faintly hoping she might encounter Adonis somewhere on the

Her hope was not a vain one. Passing by the blacksmith's shop she heard above the clang of the hammer on the steel that whistle. She would have recognized it among a thousand

She looked in at the door of the shop. Yes, there he was, the kingly looking fellow, his noble forehead moist with the sweat of toil, his blue frock waving in the wind and his hands engaged in fashioning a horseshoe for some Bearville steed.

Millie stood still in silent thought Her counterpart had been found, and he was a son of povety. But should The plate began to go round, and the that matter? Should rank separate Duke carefully took out a florin, which them? Should caste dissolve the union of their congenial souls? The gods

She was rich-he was poor; it should be her heart's delight to endow this chosen one with all her wealth of love and gold, and in return she asked but the devotion of his loyal heart.

She gave a ragged little boy a bright quarter and inquired the name of the blacksmith. It was a very musical patronymic, she thought-Frederick

The next question was, How should she manage to attract his attention? They had first met under romatic circumstances-met in a rosebush, and it would not be nice to destroy the romance by any commonplace second meeting. A bright idea penetrated

The canal which supplied the neighboring mill with water ran close to the smithy; she would throw herself into the "flowing tide," and her screams would bring him to the rescue. No sooner thought than the deed was done.

With a loud scream and a louder splash she found herself floundering frogs. Her skirts kept her from sinking, and her head being above tions in the world for screaming.

"Help! oh, help! Save me! save me!" cried she at the top of her and approaching too near a brier bush | ick flying to the rescue. But his ham-

mer made so much noise on the horseshoe that he failed to hear, and her cries brought a lustliy Irishman from a ditch he was digging near by to the

"Faith, young lady," remarked Pat, "but that's a cowld bath. Let me assist ye to land. Troth, and it's mighty curis how ye managed to get in."

"Begone," cried Millie, raising her arms at him. "I want none of your help. Don't trouble yourself to lay a finger on me."

"Oh, and it's no trouble at all. Be aisy, now. There she comes! Heave yo!" And Pat, seizing her by the shoulders, despite her kicking and struggling, deposited her on terra

At the top of her speed Millie rushed in to the smithy, closely followed by Pat, who thought she must have taken leave of her senses. She flew to the astonished blacksmith, and throwing her arms around him ejacu-

"Oh, sir, save me from that great, horrid Irishman! Save me? save

"Why, Patrick," exclaimed young Wilder in profound surprise, "what does this mean?"

"It manes jest nothing at all, at all, excipt that I fished the young leddy out from the canal, and she is mad with me for doing the same, divil fly away wid her!" and Pat sauntered off angrily with his hands in his pockets.

Millie clung to the smith's neck, resisting all his efforts to free himself from her embraces.

"Oh, Frederick!" she exclaimed. "I might as well make the revelation now as at any time. I love you-you alone? I will go with you through life! I am rich and you are poor, but the happiness of my life shall be to"-

"My dear young lady, I"-"I know all that you would say. But love makes us all equal." "I beg you to allow me"-

"Not a word. It will be no sacrifice. These eighteen weary years I have sighed for thee, I"-

"I'll make you sigh out of t'other side!" burst in a third voice, and an irate woman, with two irate children at her heels, appeared on the scene. "I'll learn you to hug my husband, you mean hussy, you?" and seizing poor Millie by her long ringlets the newcomer whirled her around the shop, to the total disarrangement of ox shoes, chains, iron rings, nail kegs and other kindred articles which were reposing quietly in their accustomed

"There!" she cried, dropping Millie in a heap of coal ashes from sheer exhaustion, "that will teach you to meddle with my husband again!"

"Your husband!" gasped Millie, staggering to her feet just in time to fall plump into the arms of Judge Morley, who was entering the shop at the moment. The judge was a tender hearted man,

our heroine he took her home in his Millie became sensible, quit looking after her destiny, and six months af-

and pitying the forlorn condition of

terward Judge Morley led her to the altar. So our sentimental young lady met her destiny in a smithy after all. | ment. Brought in daily contact with "I have used Salvation Oil for frosted feet

and backache and found it to be the best remedy and pain killer on earth. Mrs, Maggie Nieder, Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

## THE DUKE AND THE SNOB.

In giving to be seen of men, and

aping the rich and great, persons

sometimes overshoot the mark. "It is related that a certain English Duke was in church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. he laid on the pew before him ready to transfer to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing the action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too much for his grace, who pulled out another florin which he laid by the side af thu first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came the fourth to swell the Duke's donation, then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The Duke not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns and ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, then turned defiantly towards his rival, as if to say, 'I think that takes the shine our of you.' Fancy his chagrin when the Duke, with a grim smile, put one flor-

Good Looks-are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach he disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look; and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic facts directly on the vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at H. C. Pierce's Drug Store, 50c. per bottle.

in on the plate and quietly swept the

remaining six back into his pocket.

His grace used to chuckle when he

told that story."

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### A MOST POWERFUL AND IMPRESS IVE LESSON.

Young and Middle-Aged Men Most Concerned.

Had a few words to say.

To young and middle-aged men.

And the lesson was needed.

powers, unless cured in time.

sapped of vigor and spent of vitality, enervated and debilitated, he will make a pitiable and abject failure of his life, his hopes and ambitions, un-The acquaintance did not end there. less he takes means to overcome his weakness and regain his strength.

ndicate this condition of lost vitality?

Dizziness. Extreme nervousness. Loss of memory.

Dull feeling head and eyes. Nervous tremors and tremblings.

Despondency and depression of the

Inability to fix the mind for any length of time upon one subject. Loss of self-confidence, distaste for

freshed, with great sense of fatigue following drains upon the system.

General sense of weakness, languor, dullness and exhaustion, with lack of ambition and energy, and disinclination for mental or physical effort.

Now, it is a sad fact that some phyease or its treatment.

It is a most serious disease, a dangerous condition to be in, and its consequences to life and health incalcua-

# IMPORTANT.

Startling Facts for all Men to

A Great Warning and a Great

That is how Dr. Green of 34 Temple pl., Boston, began his lecture last

Wednesday night at Tremont Temple. powerfully instructive address which present had ever listened to.

Needed by the world, for the subect is closely allied with the physical and mental status of future generations; needed by the young and middle-aged men, upon whom posterity depends either for a strong and vigous race or a nation of weaklings; needed by the thousands who, thro' weakness and folly, are suffering from nervous debility and exhausted vitality from these abuses and excesses which so surely wreck the mind, shatter the nerves and ruin completely all physical strength, energies and

Youth is prone to weakness, and weakness allied with ignorance of consequences makes indiscretion and folly inevitable. It is this fact which explains to-day the thousands of partially wrecked constitutions among young men, the weakened vitality, the ful cure though the agency of these shattered nerves, the exhausted energies-the loss of the noble strength | they deserve. Ignorance and indisand vigor which go to make the perfect man. It is power, vigor, strength, which alone make man admirable; it is the energy of strong vitality which makes him successful in whatever work or business he undertakes, and if he is

Nerve Weakened and Nerve Exhausted,

To such Dr. Greene's ably instructive remarks were at once a revelation, a warning and an encourageso many of these sufferers, he above all other physicians is most eminently qualified to advise, direct and treat such cases. Himself a man of great sympathies, with a charity and knowledge of the frailty and weakness of human nature, he believes that it is not the physician's province to blame men for the results of ignorance, but rather by good advice, counsel and encouragement to free the patient's despondent mind from the gloom and and weight of apprehension which has heretofore hung over him like a cloud, while at the same time he brings his skill and medicines to bear to gradually but surely restore him to health, strength and vitality.

Now, what are the symptoms which

Flushing of the face.

Fluttering and palpitation of the

company, desire to be alone. Waking mornings, tired and unre-

These are the

Marks of the Disease, and they are plain to every one.

sicians pretend to regard this complaint lightly, and assure patients that no injury will follow. This is false, and the physician who makes such a statement does so because he knows \$5 a year. absolutely nothing either of the dis-

ble. Every sufferer knows that it is no trivial complaint which is slowly but surely sapping his very life, which he feels day by day is exhausting his strength, paralyzing his energies and rendering him weak and inefficient as a man, darkening all his future with gloom and despair, and leaving him a mere wreck-a semblance, as it were, of the strength and vigor he formerly

The moral of this is for sufferers to seek a cure now while the disease is curable, and not wait until it reaches an incurable and hopeless stage.

The disease is a perfectly curable one, but requires great skill and experience upon the part of the physician, and above all the exact medicines necessary to effect the cure. The specialist alone, who by study and investigation thoroughly understands this class of diseases, and who by long experience and continuous success has discovered the perfect treatment to cure, is the physician to whom sufferers should

Such, in brief, was the lesson of Dr. Green's lecture.

And Dr. Greene knows whereof he speaks. He has for many years made this class of diseases and their treatment a special study and stands to-

day the Best Known and Most Successful. specialist in their cure in this country. His few words, however, amounted In fact, his discoveries in medicines to the weightiest, most eloquent and as prescribed at his office and prepared under his direct supervision at we believe the large audience of men his great medical laboratory are the only recognized and established remedies which offer to the sufferer from this distressing complaint a sure and

positive guarantee of cure. Thousand of young and middle-aged men with shattered nerves, weakened powers and exhausted vitality, who had tried in vain the treatment of other physicians until they had become discouraged, despairing and almost hopeless, have, by applying to Dr. Greene for treatment and cure, been soon restored to sound health, strength and vigor. In fact, the enthusiastic words of one of these former sufferers cured by Dr. Green's wonderful medicines, a letter from whom the writer had the pleasure of reading, will doubtless be a great encouragement to all similarly affected.

"I think Dr. Green's remedies are simply grand," he writes. "I can scarcely tell the story of my wondermedicines with one-half the praise cretion had brought me to a terrible condition. I was almost a wreck of my former self, both physically and mentally, while my nerves were completely shattered. The result of Dr. Green's treatment was most wonderful. I got better right away. My nerves grew as strong and steady as iron, and my mind, which had been depressed and gloouy, became clear, bright and happy. I am now perfectly cured, and all through the use of Dr. Green's wonderful medicines."

Under such circumstances we cannot do better than to advise sufferers to apply to Dr. Greene for the cure they will be sure to receive through his treatment. The doctor can be consulted free of charge at his office, 34 Temple pl., Boston, Mass., personally or by letter. There is no charge made to anyone except the price of the medicines necessary to cure, and then only in case you decide to adopt the treatment. If you cannot consult | PIERCE, sole agent Barton, Vt. him personally, do not fail to write him about your disease, for he treats cases all over the United States by letter correspondence, sending the necessary medicines to cure by ex-

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Commissioners' Not

Estate of Hiram Phillip The undersigned having been appoint the Hon. Probate Court for the Dis Orleans Commissioners, to receive, es sons against the estate of said Phillips late of Glover in said Dist to, hereby give notice that we will mee purposes aforesaid, at his late residence 15th day of Oct. next and 16th day of Ma from 1 o'clock p. m. until 4 o'clock p. n of said days, and that six months fr 12th day of Sept. A. D. 1892, is the tim ed by said Court for said creditors to p their claims to us for examination and

Dated at Glover this 28th day of

J. E. DWINELL, 39-41 CHAPIN LEONARD, Commiss

# TO THE PEOPLE OF LOWELI Announcement.

Crediting is an art, that to be cessfully operated requires the est skilled attention. It is of importance to every class of ness. Having tried it thorons am convinced that the nearer cash basis that a business c carried on, the better for all. fore on and after Nov. 15, my will be closed, and I shall adop Taylor Coupon Credit Book Sy In the meantime I shall endeas carry a good line of staple good sell them at reasonable prices. owing me are requested to call settle on or before the above Thanking all for their patrona the past and hoping for a col ance of a share in the future I

Truly Yours,

W. E. CURTI

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